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1. A Deadly Battle

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This is for @Wildheart66 's competition! ^_^

The sky rumbled with thunder and the wind picked up. Rain came down fast and hard, as if rocks were sinking into my flesh.

I couldn't see - obviously - but I could sense the tension between WindClan and ThunderClan.

"Back down, Bramblestar, or you'll regret it." Onestar yowled, his voice barely heard over the loud thundering above.

I stood back with my herbs, preparing. The tension and awkwardness was strong and I would do anything to be back in the camp. It was almost leaf-bare and with the rain and wind, we were miserable and cold.

"You've been stealing prey from our territory for too long. I've warned you this would come yet you let your warriors roam free," Bramblestar growled.

"Now you and your entire Clan *will* pay."

And just like that, Bramblestar let out a roar and ThunderClan charged. The sound of ThunderClan's paws charging into battle made me uneasy.

My ears twitched and I shuffled my paws in discomfort. The leaf-fall wind chilled me to the bone, the rain soaking my fur to what seemed to make it's way under my skin.

I laid down to keep hidden and made sure I kept my chest off the ground so I could shelter the herbs, as well. The sky crackled and I blinked away the rain in my blind eyes.

Within heartbeats of nothing but the sound of wind, thunder and

yowls of pain and battle cries, a familiar voice came from beside me.

"Well, well, well, look who's cowering in the corner like the scardy-mouse he *really* is." A tom teased.

Breezepelt. I thought, my lip curling as my fur sticking up in hatred.

He shoved me over, making me kick the herbs I had carefully piled. I hissed at him with my ears flat to my skull and my fur prickled up like a porcupine.

"Back off, Breezepelt," I growled, unsheathing my claws.

"What you gonna do, White-eyes?" He snorted from behind me. My heart thumped as quick as a rabbit and my head darted side to side. *I hate being blind...*

I whipped around and slashed in the air, only to be met with rain. "Missed me!" Breezepelt retorted and a sudden strong slash to the flank made me jump.

I listened carefully for his paw-steps and pin-pointed where he was moving. It was hard with the stinging in my flank distracting me.

He slid to the left and I swung at him, aiming low. I barely hit his leg with a weak blow.

I was returned with a strong hit to the muzzle. Again and again, Breezepelt smacked me with hard blows that tore the skin on my face. I threw blind hits that one in ten would hit him.

As Breezepelt used me as a rag-doll, I backed up and flew at him, hitting him square in the chest with my head. He staggered back and fell.

Who's in control now, Breezepelt?

I hissed in his face and slashed at him as I pinned the lame excuse for a warrior down. He fought back with kicks to the stomach.

Breezepelt let out a howl as I bit down on his neck. The taste of

blood wasn't a good thing, and I let go as soon as I broke skin.

Just as I let my guard down, Breezepelt kicked me off of him and pinned me down. I kicked and kicked, but it was no use as the scrawny yet muscular WindClan warrior bit down onto my neck. I howled and grabbed his shoulder with my claws and tried to kick him off.

"I'll be the last voice you'll ever hear... Have fun traveling to StarClan *blind*, you grouchy fox-heart!" Breezepelt muttered in my ear.

I felt his claws tear into the open wound in my neck and I let out another howl. Blood poured from my neck and I gurgled, trying to speak but finding no voice.

I was frozen with shock. I wanted oh so badly to screech for help, but the pain kept me from moving.

The wind picked up even harder, the rain kept going, and the thunder crashed above me. I couldn't sense Breezepelt any longer, which I thought was a good thing, at the same time as a bad thing.

At least he won't see me go like this... I wish I had someone beside me... My thoughts echoed and my heart ached for Halfmoon suddenly.

I laid there, cold and bleeding, as the meaningless battle continued. My breathing went shallow and I tried to get myself to crawl to the herbs, but my body wouldn't move.

The battle cries faded to the back of my mind as the blood ran out of my throat like a stream. And for the first time, I forgot about the pain, guilt, and anger that was spilling from inside me, and focused on the feeling of the ground.

Why? Because I wanted to feel something other then pain for once.